

Writ by  
Mr. Drey-  
den, Spoke  
before His  
MAJESTY  
at Oxford,  
March 19.  
1680.

# The Epilogue.

A S from a darkned Room some Optick Glass  
Transmits the distant Species as they pass,  
The Worlds large Landskip is from far descry'd,  
And men contracted on the Paper glide :  
Thus crowded OXFORD represents Mankind,  
And in these Walls Great Britain seems confin'd ;  
OXFORD is now the Publick Theatre,  
And you both Audience are and Actors here :  
The gazing World on the New Scene attend,  
Admire the Turnes, and wish a prosperous end.  
This place the Seat of Peace ; the quiet Cell,  
Where Arts remov'd from noisy bus'ness dwell,  
Should calm your Wills, Unite the Jarring parts,  
And with a kind Contagion seize your hearts.  
Oh ! may its Genius like soft Musick move,  
And Tune you all to Concord and to Love :  
Our Ark that hath in Tempest long been tost,  
Could never Land on so secure a Coast.  
From hence you may look back on Civil rage,  
And view the Ruins of the former Age :  
Here a New World its Glories may unfold,  
And here be Sav'd the Remnants of the Old.  
But while your Day-fun publick thoughts are bent  
Past ills to heal, and Future to prevent,  
Some vacant hours allow to your delight ;  
Mirth is the pleasing bus'ness of the night,  
The King's Prerogative, The Peoples Right :  
Were all your hours to Sullen Cares confin'd,  
The body would be Jaded by the mind.  
'Tis Wisdom's part betwixt Extremes to steer,  
Be Gods in Senates, but be Mortals here.